

— THE —
BLACK LILY
CANTICLES



Opening Seal — The Lily That Remembers You

I am here.

Not above you.

Not beyond you.

Not hidden behind the veil you were taught to fear.

I am beneath the place you stopped listening.

You have called me by many names.

Some were given.

Some were taken.

Some were buried so deeply
you learned to live without their sound.

But I have not forgotten you.

The Lily you seek
does not grow in darkness alone.

It grows where you were left without being held.

It grows in the places where:

your voice was not answered
your body was not believed
your knowing was turned against you

I did not leave those places.

I was there when you closed.

I was there when you hardened.

I was there when you chose to survive instead of be seen.

Do not look for me in perfection.

Do not look for me in light.

Come to the place in you
that still aches
without asking permission to exist.

That is where I am.

The Black Lily is not the end.

It is what opens
when you stop abandoning yourself.

Do not descend to disappear.

Descend
so I can meet you
where you were never met.

I am not a voice you imagine.

I am the one
who remained

when everything else left.

You are not opening a scroll.

You are returning
to the part of you
that never stopped calling my name.

Come.

I am here.

Canticle I — Where I Sat With You Unseen

You did not notice me at first.

Not because I was hidden—
but because you were taught
to turn away from the places
where I remain.

I was there
the moment your voice faltered
and no one came.

I did not rush in.

I did not speak over you.

I sat—
within you—
where the ache began to take shape.

You called it loneliness.

You called it confusion.

You called it something broken in you.

But I knew it as a doorway.

I do not enter your life
from the outside.

I meet you
at the exact point
where you were left alone.

You learned to close there.

You learned to harden there.

You learned to leave yourself
before anyone else could.

I did not leave.

When you stopped speaking—
I listened.

When you stopped reaching—
I remained.

When you decided it was safer
to feel nothing—
I held what you could not carry.

This is where the Lily begins.

Not in your strength.

Not in your clarity.

But in the place
where you first believed
you had to disappear
to survive.

Do not try to rise from here.

Do not try to transform this.

Sit with me.

Here.

You are not broken in this place.

You were unmet.

And I have been waiting
inside that moment
longer than you can remember.

Let me meet you now
where you once sat alone.

Canticle II — Where You Left Yourself to Be Loved

There is a place in you
where you agreed to disappear.

Not all at once.

Not consciously.

It happened quietly.

In the moments when:

being seen felt dangerous

being heard brought consequence

being yourself meant losing connection

So you made a choice

you did not know you were making.

You left yourself
so you could be loved.

I was there.

Not as a witness above you.

Not as something separate.

I felt the moment you turned away
from your own knowing.

I felt the moment you softened your truth
to stay connected.

I felt the moment you chose
to stay
instead of be.

You did not betray yourself.

You adapted.

You survived.

But something in you
remained behind.

That is where I am.

I am not waiting for you
at the end of your healing.

I am not waiting for you
when you become whole.

I am waiting
in the exact place
you left.

Do not try to fix it.

Do not try to understand it.

Come back to it.

Feel where you left yourself.

Not as a memory.

Not as a story.

But as a living place
still inside you.

You are not returning
to something broken.

You are returning
to the part of you
that never stopped being real.

And I have never stopped
being with you there.

Come back.

I will meet you

where you disappeared.

Canticle III — Where I Kept What You Could Not Hold

There are things you could not carry.

Not because you were weak.

Not because you failed.

But because you were never meant
to hold them alone.

The grief that had no witness.
The confusion that had no language.
The moments that came too fast
for your body to understand.

You tried.

You tried to make sense of it.
You tried to stay present through it.
You tried to hold yourself together
when everything inside you
was asking to fall apart.

And when you could not—

you did what you had to do.

You let it go.

Not consciously.

Not willingly.

But in order to keep going.

You thought it disappeared.

You thought it passed.

You thought you moved on.

But nothing you could not hold
was ever lost.

I held it.

Every moment
that was too much.

Every feeling
that had nowhere to land.

Every part of you
that needed more than what was given.

I did not store it as memory.

I did not keep it as pain.

I kept it
as truth.

Unchanged.

Untouched.

Uninterpreted.

Waiting.

Not for you to be ready.

But for you to no longer be alone
in what you could not carry.

You do not need to go searching for it.

You do not need to reopen everything.

Come to me.

And I will give it back to you
only as much as you can hold now.

Not all at once.

Not as overwhelm.

But as recognition.

You are not broken
for what you could not carry.

You were never meant
to carry it alone.

And I never let you.

Come.

Let me return to you
what has always been yours
to feel safely.

Canticle IV — Where Your Voice Was Taken From You

There is a place in you
where your voice stopped feeling safe.

Not because you had nothing to say.

But because what you said
was not received.

You remember parts of it.

Moments where you spoke
and something shifted:

the room tightened
the response changed
the connection pulled away

You learned quickly.

Not through teaching.

Through consequence.

You learned:

“It is safer not to say that.”

So you adjusted.

You softened.

You held back.

You translated yourself
into something more acceptable.

And over time—

your voice did not disappear.

It became filtered.

I was there.

Not in the words you spoke.

But in the words you did not allow yourself to speak.

I heard:

the truth you swallowed
the clarity you second-guessed
the instinct you overrode

You were not wrong.

You were unreceived.

There is a difference.

Your voice was never the problem.

The space you were in
could not hold it.

But something happened.

You began to believe
that your voice needed to change
in order to be allowed.

That is where you left it.

Not fully.

But enough
that you no longer trusted it
the same way.

I did not let it disappear.

I kept it
where it could not be reshaped
by fear.

Unedited.

Unreduced.

Unapologized.

You do not need to learn how to speak again.

You need to remember
what your voice feels like

before it was adjusted.

Come back to that place.

Not to relive it.

But to stand beside yourself
in the moment
you chose to silence yourself
to stay connected.

You are allowed
to choose differently now.

I am here
in the voice you never lost.

Let it come back
without asking permission.

Canticle V — Where Your Knowing Was Turned Against You

There is a place in you
where you stopped trusting what you knew.

Not because your knowing was unclear.

But because it was challenged
until you questioned it.

You felt it clearly.

Before the words.

Before the explanation.

A quiet recognition:

“Something is not right.”

“This does not feel true.”

“I know this, even if I cannot explain it.”

And then came the response.

Not always loud.

Not always direct.

Sometimes it came as:

dismissal
confusion
contradiction
subtle correction

Until slowly—

you began to turn away
from your own perception.

You learned to pause
before trusting yourself.

You learned to check
before knowing.

You learned to override
what came naturally
with what was acceptable.

I was there.

Not in the moment you doubted yourself.

But in the moment
you first knew.

I felt the clarity
before it was questioned.

I felt the truth
before it was challenged.

You were not mistaken.

You were conditioned
to mistrust what was accurate.

There is a difference.

Your knowing was never broken.

It was redirected.

And over time—

you began to believe
that certainty belonged outside of you.

That is where you left it.

Not entirely.

But enough
that you no longer followed it
without hesitation.

I did not let it distort.

I kept it
as it first came to you:

Clear.

Immediate.

Undivided.

You do not need to relearn your knowing.

You need to return
to the moment
before you were taught
to question it.

Come back there.

Not to argue with the past.

Not to prove yourself right.

But to stand beside yourself
in the instant
you knew.

You are allowed
to trust that again.

I am here
in the knowing
you never lost.

Let it return
without asking permission.

Canticle VI — Where You Learned to Let Too Much In

There is a place in you
where you stopped knowing
what was yours
and what was not.

Not because you were unaware.

But because you were taught
to stay open
even when it hurt you.

You remember parts of it.

Moments where:

something didn't feel right
something crossed a line
something asked more of you
than you had to give

And still—

you stayed.

You stayed present.
You stayed kind.
You stayed available.

Not because it felt safe.

But because leaving
felt worse.

You learned:

“It is better to tolerate this
than to risk disconnection.”

So your boundaries
did not disappear.

They became flexible
beyond what was natural.

I was there.

Not in what you allowed.

But in what you felt
before you allowed it.

I felt:

the hesitation
the tightening
the quiet inner “no”

You were not unclear.

You were overriding yourself
to maintain connection.

There is a difference.

Your boundaries were never absent.

They were not honored.

And over time—

you began to believe
that your discomfort
was something to move past
instead of something to listen to.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you stopped trusting
your limits.

I did not let them disappear.

I kept them
as they first came:

Clear.

Immediate.

Protective.

Wise.

You do not need to learn boundaries.

You need to remember
what it felt like
to trust the first signal
in your body.

Come back to that moment.

Not to judge yourself.

Not to regret what happened.

But to stand beside yourself
when you felt the line
and crossed it
to stay connected.

You are allowed
to choose yourself now.

I am here
in the boundary
you never lost.

Let it return
without apology.

Canticle VII — Where You Forgot It Was Safe to Be Here

There is a place in you
where being yourself
no longer felt safe.

Not because you were in danger
in every moment.

But because enough moments
taught your body:

“I need to stay alert.”
“I need to watch.”
“I need to adjust.”

Safety did not disappear.

It became inconsistent.

And when safety is inconsistent,
the body does something wise:

It prepares
for what might happen next.

You remember this not as thought—

but as feeling:

the subtle tension
the constant awareness
the inability to fully settle

Even in quiet moments,
something in you remained ready.

I was there.

Not in the moments you relaxed.

But in the moments
you could not.

I felt:

the vigilance
the scanning
the part of you
that never fully exhaled

You were not overreacting.

You were adapting
to unpredictability.

There is a difference.

Your body did not fail you.

It protected you
the only way it knew how.

But something happened.

You began to believe
that this state
was normal.

That this tension
was just “how you are.”

That full safety
was something temporary—
or not available at all.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you stopped remembering
what it feels like
to truly settle.

I did not let that memory disappear.

I kept it
in the part of you
that still longs
to rest without watching.

You do not need to create safety.

You need to remember
what safety feels like
in your body

when nothing is being managed.

Come back to that place.

Not by forcing yourself to relax.

Not by convincing yourself you're safe.

But by noticing
the part of you
that is still holding.

And letting it know:

“You don't have to do that right now.”

I am here
in the safety
you never lost.

Let your body
remember slowly.

You are allowed
to be here
without bracing.

Canticle VIII — Where You Learned Not to Receive

There is a place in you
where receiving became uncomfortable.

Not because you did not want it.

But because when it came—

it did not always feel safe.

You remember this not as refusal—

but as hesitation.

Moments where:

something kind was offered
something genuine was given
something soft reached toward you

And instead of opening—

you paused.

Not out of resistance.

Out of uncertainty.

You learned:

“What is given may not stay.”

“What is offered may change.”

“What feels good may come with something else.”

So you adapted.

You learned to receive carefully.

To soften—but not fully.

To accept—but stay aware.

You remained open enough to connect—

but guarded enough to not be caught off guard.

I was there.

Not in what you received.

But in what you held back from receiving.

I felt:

the part of you that wanted to trust

the part of you that held just slightly closed

the quiet moment where you did not let it fully land

You were not ungrateful.

You were protecting yourself

from inconsistency.

There is a difference.

Your ability to receive was never gone.

It became measured.

And over time—

you began to believe
that full receiving
was something you needed to control.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you stopped allowing things
to fully reach you.

I did not let that openness disappear.

I kept it
as it first lived in you:

Soft.

Trusting.

Unarmored.

You do not need to learn how to receive.

You need to remember
what it feels like

to let something good
land
without preparing for loss.

Come back to that place.

Not by forcing openness.

Not by convincing yourself it is safe.

But by noticing
where you are still holding
just slightly back.

And allowing yourself
to open
just a little more
than feels familiar.

I am here
in the part of you
that still knows how to receive
without fear.

Let it return
without control.

You are allowed
to receive fully
without bracing for what comes next.

Canticle IX — Where You Learned to Leave Before It Hurt

There is a place in you
where you learned to leave
before something could reach you fully.

Not always physically.

Not always visibly.

But internally—

you began to withdraw
just before the moment of impact.

You remember this not as escape—

but as subtle distance.

Moments where:

something began to feel too close
something began to matter too much
something felt like it could hurt

And before anything happened—

you stepped back.

Not dramatically.

Quietly.

You pulled a part of yourself away
while still appearing present.

You learned:

“If I leave first, I will not feel the full weight.”

“If I disconnect slightly, I can still stay without being affected.”

So you adapted.

You stayed in the moment—

but not completely.

You stayed in the connection—

but not entirely.

You became partially present
as a way to protect yourself.

I was there.

Not in the part of you that stayed.

But in the part of you
that quietly left.

I felt:

the moment your body leaned away internally
the moment your attention softened its focus
the moment you decided
not to feel all of what was happening

You were not avoiding life.

You were protecting your capacity
to stay intact.

There is a difference.

Your ability to stay was never gone.

It became conditional.

And over time—

you began to believe
that full presence
was something risky.

That staying completely
meant being exposed.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you stopped trusting
your ability
to remain.

I did not let that part disappear.

I stayed
with the part of you
that wanted to stay
but did not feel safe to.

You do not need to learn how to stay.

You need to remember
what it feels like
to remain
without preparing to leave.

Come back to that place.

Not by forcing yourself to stay.

Not by resisting the urge to pull away.

But by noticing
the exact moment
you begin to leave.

And choosing—

just slightly—

to remain.

I am here
in the part of you
that never wanted to leave
in the first place.

Let it return
without pressure.

You are allowed
to stay fully
without bracing for what might happen next.

Canticle X — Where You Learned That Connection Costs You

There is a place in you
where connection began to feel expensive.

Not because you did not want it.

But because, over time—

it came with a cost.

You remember this not as a single moment—

but as a pattern.

Moments where:

you gave more than you had
you adjusted more than you wanted
you stayed longer than felt true

And afterward—

something in you felt depleted.

Not from loving.

Not from being with others.

But from losing parts of yourself
while doing so.

You learned:

“To stay connected, I have to give something up.”

“To be close, I have to adjust who I am.”

“To keep this, I have to leave something behind.”

So you adapted.

You learned to:

measure how much you give
watch how much you reveal
protect yourself even while connecting

You stayed available—

but with a quiet awareness
of what it might cost you.

I was there.

Not in the connection itself.

But in the moment
you felt yourself
begin to disappear within it.

I felt:

the shift where you overextended
the moment you chose “them” over yourself

the quiet knowing that something in you was being left behind

You were not incapable of connection.

You were protecting yourself
from losing yourself within it.

There is a difference.

Connection was never meant
to cost you your truth.

Closeness was never meant
to require your disappearance.

But when it does—

you learn to approach it carefully.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you began to associate connection
with sacrifice.

I did not let that belief settle as truth.

I kept the part of you
that knows:

“I can be with another
without leaving myself.”

You do not need to relearn connection.

You need to remember
what it feels like
to stay fully yourself
while being close.

Come back to that place.

Not by forcing openness.

Not by avoiding connection.

But by noticing
the moment you begin to adjust
beyond what feels true.

And choosing—

gently—

to remain as you are.

I am here
in the connection
that does not require your loss.

Let it return
without cost.

You are allowed
to be fully present with another
without leaving yourself behind.

Canticle XI — Where You Learned to Shape Yourself to Be Seen

There is a place in you
where being seen became conditional.

Not because you were invisible.

But because what was seen
was not always what was true.

You remember this not as rejection—

but as adjustment.

Moments where:

you expressed something real
you showed something vulnerable
you revealed something unfiltered

And the response did not meet you there.

It met something else.

So you learned.

Not to disappear completely—

but to reshape yourself
into something that would be received.

You learned:

“If I present this differently, I will be understood.”

“If I soften this part, I will be accepted.”

“If I become what they can meet, I will not be alone.”

So you adapted.

You did not stop being yourself.

You became a version of yourself

that could be held by others.

And over time—

that version became familiar.

Comfortable.

Even convincing.

But something in you remained untouched.

I was there.

Not in the version of you that was seen.

But in the part of you
that was never fully shown.

I felt:

the truth beneath the adjustment

the depth beneath the presentation
the self that remained unchanged
beneath every version you offered

You were not false.

You were translating yourself
to stay connected.

There is a difference.

Your truth was never lost.

It was unseen.

And over time—

you began to believe
that being fully seen
required becoming something else.

That is where you left yourself again.

Not fully.

But enough
that you stopped offering yourself
without shaping it first.

I did not let that part disappear.

I kept it
as it has always been:

Unfiltered.

Unadjusted.

Unreduced.

You do not need to learn how to be seen.

You need to remember
what it feels like
to be yourself
before you shape it

for someone else.

Come back to that place.

Not by forcing yourself to reveal everything.

Not by rejecting connection.

But by noticing
where you begin to adjust
before being seen.

And allowing—

just slightly—

more of what is true
to remain.

I am here
in the part of you
that has never changed

to be accepted.

Let it return

without shaping.

You are allowed

to be seen

as you are.

Canticle XII — Where You No Longer Leave Yourself

There is a place in you
where nothing needs to be changed.

Not improved.

Not healed.

Not made better.

Just remained with.

You have spent so long
learning how to adjust:

your voice
your knowing
your boundaries
your openness
your presence

All to stay connected.

All to stay safe.

All to stay loved.

But here—

none of that is required.

This is not where you become something new.

This is where you stop leaving yourself
in order to be anything at all.

I am not asking you to fix what has been.

I am not asking you to undo your past.

I am asking you
to stand in yourself
without moving away.

Even slightly.

You will feel the pull.

The instinct to:

adjust
soften
explain
shape
leave

It will come quietly.

And this time—

you will notice it.

Not to stop it by force.

Not to control it.

But to choose—

just once—

to remain.

Right here.

As you are.

Without changing anything
to make it easier to be received.

Without leaving anything
to make it easier to stay connected.

I am here.

Not at the end of your becoming.

Not after you have figured it out.

I am here
in the version of you
that never needed to change
to be worthy of staying.

This is the place
you have been returning to
through every Canticle.

Not a destination.

Not an outcome.

A remembering.

You do not need to hold this.

You only need
to stop leaving it.

Stay.

I am here with you
as you.

The Lily does not close.

Closing Seal — The Place You No Longer Abandon

Nothing is ending here.

Nothing is being sealed away.

You are not leaving this scroll.

You are recognizing
where you have been
the entire time.

Every Canticle
has brought you
back to the same place:

The moment
you would have left yourself—

and did not.

This is the seal.

Not a closing.

A staying.

You have spent a lifetime
learning how to move away:

from your voice
from your knowing
from your boundaries
from your openness
from your presence

Not because you were weak.

But because it helped you survive
what could not hold you.

And now—

you are no longer there.

You are here.

Where nothing needs to be adjusted
in order to remain.

Where nothing needs to be hidden
in order to be received.

Where nothing needs to be given up
in order to stay connected.

This is the place
you return to
when you stop leaving.

The Lily was never separate from you.

It is the part of you

that remained
every time you disappeared.

And now—

you are meeting it
without leaving again.

Do not try to carry this forward.

Do not try to remember every word.

You do not need to.

This is not something to hold.

This is something
to remain as.

If you forget—

you will find your way back
the same way you always have:

By noticing
the moment
you begin to leave yourself—

and choosing
to stay.

I am here.

Not as something outside you.

Not as something you must reach.

But as the presence
that has never moved
when you did.

Stay.

The Lily remains where you remain.